NEEDED A MASTER

German Official Helpless in the Absence of Orders.

Burgermeister's Case Typical of the Lack of Initiative Resulting From the System of Militarism So Long in Vogue.

The burgermeister of B—— am Rhein was a person who looked like a white rat that had been thoroughly soaked and shaved. And he had the faculty, which all Germans have, of congealing his cords and muscles at a moment's notice, and could assume the rigor of an epileptic in the presence of superiors. To watch him slide into your office, uncover his teeth, espy you, and suddenly straighten himself up in obedience to an unspoken Achtung, was an impressive experience.

The American general's aid, appointed to this particular suburb of Coblenz, often wondered why the arrest of every vital function should be considered polite. He distrusted that German salute. It was too much like playing 'possum.

When the burgermeister came into the ortskommandantur, the aid told him that, in so far as he behaved himself, he would have nothing to fear from the American army; and that in so far as it didn't interfere with the satisfaction of American interests, he was to continue governing the town as usual.

The burgermeister stiffened himself and withdrew.

The aid was pleased. His first official act, he felt, had been kindly, yet firm, just but not harsh. If he had his way, B—— would not suffer as northern France had suffered. He was going to show these boches that the Americans weren't there to terrorize, or to Americanize, but simply to occupy territory according to the terms of the armistice.

But he could not see the scene in the burgermeister's office overhead—the holding of cheeks in hands, the striking of chests, the weary and rapid breathing of bewilderment, the groans of despair. And the next morning, when he went to the ortskommandantur, he was met by a request that he grant an audience to his German colleague. It was 10 o'clock, the exact hour of yesterday's meeting.

He granted the request, and in a moment the shaved rat slid in through a slit in the open door and ran his tongue over his pink lips. His little black eyes shone like shoe buttons, and he kept scratching the palms of his hands.

He wanted to know if the Herr Oberleutnant had any orders for him.

The Herr Oberleutnant wanted to know why.

"Ach!" cried the burgermeister, "before the Americans came we had a government. Now we had none. How, then, can I run the town of B—— as I used to run it? There is no one to tell me what to do. If only the Herr Oberleutnant would express his wishes!"

The aid narrowed his eyes and looked at him in disgust.

"Have the streets cleaned," he said, and turned to his work.

The face of the burgermeister was radiant. He had found a boss.

In less than thirty minutes a platoon of boches was assembled in the street before the ortskommandantur. Every other man carried a broom at right shoulder arms and the man at his side a shovel. The burgermeister stood on the steps of the building, with a pencil in one hand and a long list in the other, and checked off their names.

Then, "Hup!" said the burgermeister.

One of the ranks jumped four men, saluted, and faced the platoon.

"Hup!" said the first of the four; and a little squad of broomers and shovelers faced to the right and marched off briskly northward.

"Hup!" said the second of the four; and another little squad trotted off, to the east.

"Hup!" said the third, and "Hup!" said the fourth, and soon all points of the compass had received their squads. And the voice of the gefreite was heard in the land. Clouds of dust hung over B—— am Rhein, shovels clanged on the cobblestones, brooms scraped the roadways. The town was being cleaned.

The burgermeister stepped into the burgermeistered and jabbed his pencil three times into his right ear. "So-o-o," he said with pride and satisfaction.

And from that day on the aid gave him orders punctually at 10 a. m.—George Boas, in Atlantic Monthly.

Ireland Again.

Two Irishmen were walking along one of the main thoroughfares in Glasgow when they noticed a large placard in the window of a shop with the words: "Butter! Butter!! Butter!!!" in large type written on it.

"Pat," said Mike, "what is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?"

"Och, ye ignoramus," says Pat, "sure they are meant for shillelahs, to show it's Irish butter."—London Ideas.

Business Training.

Serious consideration is being given to the need of higher commercial training when London university proposes to collect $2,500,000 to establish a course in commerce, that is to say, to create a commercial faculty, scholarships, traveling clerkships, erect buildings and get a library. The need of higher commercial training impresses the British.

A CALL ANSWERED

By MARY W. FORD.

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"Now this is peculiar," thought Gladys Dorman. "I have traveled over this very trail year after year, and I now am at a loss as to how to proceed from here."

Jack Dorman and his daughter had been coming up to the mountains for some years now, and it was a trip that they both looked forward to very much.

Gladys was only twenty, but a born mountain climber, golf and tennis player. Healthy outdoor sports always appealed to her, and to hike over the mountains was her chief hobby. Today she had insisted upon going alone, telling her father that she wanted to do some exploring herself before the season was over, to which he consented rather reluctantly.

After hiking for some hours a heavy mountain fog set in, and the entire mountainside was enveloped in a dark and threatening cloud. It was useless for one to proceed until it passed over, and, as a rule, it would last but a few minutes. But today it lengthened into an hour.

Sitting on a huge rock, Gladys sat there looking at the heavy mist, wondering when the cloud would leave this side of the mountain, when suddenly out of the mist a voice spoke.

"Hello, what have I here?" exclaimed the invisible one, which sounded very much like a masculine voice to Gladys. "Well, I declare—it is a boot!" and a hearty laugh could be heard near Gladys, but the fog was so dense she could not see who it was. Then someone gave Gladys' boot a vigorous pull, and for a moment she thought she was going to slide off the rock.

"Well, whoever you are—kindly stop pulling at my boot," cried Gladys impatiently. Now she wished with all her heart she had let her father or one of the party at the hotel accompany her.

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed the masculine voice again. "It's a girl's boot I was pulling at," and again that hearty laugh rang out, echoing down the mountainside. At that moment the cloud disappeared and the sun was struggling to come out from behind another cloud, and finally succeeded. Then Gladys looked down and almost at her feet was a young man looking up at her in an amused sort of a way, which at the time provoked her, and still he continued staring, a smile playing around his lips, but not a word could he utter.

"Please don't stare at me in that fashion—you look as though you were a hungry bear and wanted to eat me," and Gladys smiled in spite of herself. It was surely amusing, she thought, and at that moment she made a movement as though about to rise, when the young man jumped up almost instantly and exclaimed: "Oh, I say, please don't go," in a pleading voice. "And I do want to apologize," and again he smiled pleasantly, but a questioning look was in his eyes, and his one thought was: "Would she stay—if only for a few minutes."

"Well, Mr. Man, seeing that you have recovered your voice and that you are not going to eat me up after all, I'll stay for a few minutes." Then, as though a second thought presented itself: "I'm almost starving for something to eat—what say you?"

"Say, I'm so hungry, little girl, I could almost eat you right now," he cried eagerly.

"Very well then, it's high time for me to be going, when you want to eat me up—but I simply have to eat, and that's all there is to it, so please don't eat me up yet," she smiled.

Gladys spread a hearty lunch on the rock, and while munching away at the delicious sandwiches that she herself had prepared, they talked and laughed between mouthfuls, and soon she learned from him that he, too, like herself, visited the mountains every year, and that he was Fred Anderson, a former well-known coach at Mountford, and a very good friend of her father's. It seemed strange to them both that they had never met, but it was due to the fact that they both were away at school during the fall, and immediately when vacation time set in they both left the city. She also learned that he had just been discharged from the service.

When they arrived at the hotel, Mr. Anderson's eyes nearly stuck out of his head with surprise. "Well, of all things, Ted; when did you get back?"

"Got discharged about two months ago, and then beat it for the mountains," and at the same time they both shook hands heartily.

Ted was stopping at a mountain hut, some distance away, but he decided that it was very necessary that he should stay at the same hotel as the Dormans, and needless to say that Gladys and he developed a strong friendship, which later ripened into love.

At sunset one evening shortly before it was time to return to the city, they were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when suddenly Ted exclaimed: "Gladys, it's strange how we both decided to start off alone on that wonderful 'never-to-be-forgotten' day alone, as I, like yourself, as a rule went along with a party of hikers."

"Well, Ted," she answered demurely, "it's just this way: I was lonesome and longing for—oh, for lots of things, and—"

"I, too, was lonesome, little sweetheart, and we both heard the call of the mountains—I was calling to you little girl, and you answered the call."